

The Weekly Panola Star.

W. S. WARD

"It is not in the Power of any one to Command Success; but we will do more we will deserve it."

(Editor and Proprietor.)

VOLUME 2.

PANOLA, MISS., JULY 22, 1857.

NUMBER 20.

THE STAR.

PUBLISHED AT
PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI,
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS:
For One Year, if paid in advance, \$2 50
If paid within six months, 3 00
After six months, 3 50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square, first insertion, 50 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.
For three months, 1 50
For six months, 2 50
For one year, 4 50
A Liberal Deduction made for
large advertisements.

JOB WORK.

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, from House and
Bills to Fancy Cards, done with Neatness
and Dispatch, and on reasonable terms.
All communications must be ad-
dressed to M. S. WARD, Esq., Panola,
Mississippi.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express
notice to the contrary, are considered as
wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinu-
ance of their newspapers, the publisher
may continue to send them until all ar-
rangements are paid.
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to
take their newspapers from the offices to
which they are directed, they are held re-
sponsible until they have settled the bills
and ordered their discontinuance.
4. If subscribers remove to other places
without informing the publishers, and the
newspapers are sent to the former direc-
tion, they are held responsible.

M. S. Ward,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Panola, Miss.

J. W. Clanton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PANOLA, MISS.

Has removed his office to the room
between the Star Office and Dr. Leland's
Drug Store, on the west side of the Pub-
lic Square, where he may be found at all
times, unless professionally absent.

Dr. R. J. Young.

HAVING permanently located him-
self, tenders his Professional Ser-
vices to the citizens of Panola and vicinity.
Office on the east side of the
public square, where he can always
be found, or at his boarding house (Lore's
Hotel) except when professionally engaged.

Dr. S. P. Lester.

OFFERS his services to the people of
this vicinity. May be found
at home, when not professionally engaged.

Dr. Wm. J. Wrenn.

OFFERS his Professional services to
the public generally. Office at
C. L. Halling's store, Panola.

Worsham House,

Corner of Main and Adams Sts.,

Memphis, Tenn.

THIS House is situated in the centre
of business and is now finished in
complete order, and the Proprietor pledges
himself it shall not be surpassed by any
House in the South-west.

Being grateful for the very liberal pa-
tronage bestowed on him for the last two
years, he hopes by a strict attention to
business to merit a continuance of the
same.

J. J. WORSHAM,

Proprietor.

Merchants Hotel,

J. STEINKUHL, Proprietor.

Corner Front Row and Union-st

Memphis, Tenn.

CAROLINA HOUSE,

Shelby Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

THIS established House, located on
Shelby street, near the Gayoso, is
conducted by the undersigned, who
is desirous to return his thanks to his
numerous patrons that have sustained him
thus far. He wishes a continuance of the
patronage of his friends and the public
generally. He promises to furnish his
table with good and wholesome fare, and
his beds with clean linen, &c. The Un-
derman of the city are prompt in con-
veying persons to and from the several
Railroads. His prices are as follows:

Board and Lodging by the day, \$1 50

Supper, Lodging and Breakfast, 1 25

Single Meal, 50

Lodging, 50

ALLEN DAVIS.

Memphis, Tenn., April 14, 1857.-4m

M. C. Cayce & Son.

Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,

General Agents, and Real

Estate Brokers.

No. 23 Madison St., Memphis, Tenn.,

NEGROES, Real Estate, Merchandise,

Furniture, Land, Crops, Stock of all

kind, Renting and Leasing Property,

storage and consignments solicited.

This is our eleventh year in Mem-

phis, and now permanently located, we

enter ourselves that we will receive a

liberal share of patronage.

J. M. Wiswell & Co.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies, Harness, &c., &c.

No. 27 & 29 Union-st., near Main,

Memphis, Tenn.

Giving Away a Child.

On board one of the Lake steam-
ers bound for the West, was an
Irish family—husband, wife and
three children. They were evi-
dently in very destitute circum-
stances, but the exceeding beauty
of the children—two girls and a
boy—was the admiration of all
the fellow passengers. A lady,
who had no children of her own,
was desirous of adopting one of
the little travelers, and made ap-
plication to the father through a
friend who gives the following
touching, and, as we suppose,
truthful account of the negotia-
tion:

"I proceeded," he says "immedi-
ately upon my delicate diplomacy.
Finding my friend on deck, I thus
opened the affair."

"You are very poor."

His answer was very character-
istic.

"Poor, sir," said he, "ay, if there's
a poorer man than me trouble the
world, God pity both of us, for
we'd be equal."

"Then how do you manage to
support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why,
I don't support them any way;
they get supported some way or
other. It'll be time enough for us
to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to
part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned
sharply round:

"A what, sir?" he cried: "a re-
lief to part from my child? Would
it be a relief to have the hands
chopped from the body, or the
heart torn out from my breast?
A relief, indeed! God be good to
us, what do you mean?"

"You don't understand me," I
replied. "If now, it were in one's
power to provide comfortably for
one of your children, would you
stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he, "Heaven knows
that I would willingly cut the
sunshine away from myself, that
they might get all the warm of it,
but do tell us what you're driving
at."

I then told him that a lady had
taken a fancy to one of his chil-
dren, and if he would consent to
it, it should be educated, and finally
settled comfortably in life.

"This threw him into a fit of
gratulation. He scratched his
head and looked the very picture
of bewilderment. The struggle
between a father's love and child's
interest was evident and touching.
At length he said:

"O murder, wouldn't it be a
great thing for the baby? But I
must go and talk with Mary—
that's the mother of them, an' it
wouldn't be right to be giving
away her children afore her face,
and she s to know nothing at all
about it."

"Away with you, then," said I,
"and bring me an answer as soon
as possible."

In about half an hour he return-
ed and leading two of his children.
His eyes were red and swollen,
and his face pale from excitement
and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what suc-
cess?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle,
sir," said he, "but I've been talk-
ing to Mary, an' she says, as its
for the child's good, may be the
heavens above will give us strength
to bear it!"

"Very well; which one of them
is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir,"
and he ran his eyes deviously over
both. "Here's little Norah; she's
the oldest and won't need her
mother so much, but then—oh,
fever and aggers—it's myself that
can't tell which I'd rather part
with least; so the first one that
comes, wid a blessing." There, sir,
and he handed over little Norah,
turning back, he snatched her up
in his arms, and gave one long,
hearty father's kiss, saying through
his tears:

"May God be good to him that's
good to you an' them that offers
you hurt or harm may their souls
never see St. Peter's."

Then taking his other child by
the hand, he walked away, leaving
Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin,
and we thought the matter settled.
It must be confessed, to my great

indignation, however, in about an
hour's time I saw my friend Pat
at the window. As soon as he
caught my eyes he commenced
making signs for me to come out.
I did so, and found that he had the
other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" ask-
ed I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I as your
pardon for troubling you for such
a foolish thing as a child or two,
but we were thinkin' that may be
it'd make no differ. You see, sir,
I've been talkin' to Mary, and she
says she can't part with Norah,
because the creature has the look
of me; but here's Biddy, she's
purty far, an' if you please sir,
will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever
you like."

So he snapped up little Nora, as
though it were some recovered
treasure and darted away with her,
leaving little Biddy, who remain-
ed with us all night, but let the
moment when we entered the cab-
in in the morning there was Pat
making his mysterious signs against
the window and this time he had
the youngest, a baby in his arms.

"What's wrong now?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, and its
mself that's almost ashamed to
tell you. You see I've been talk-
in' to Mary, and she didn't like to
part with Norah, because she had
a look of me, and by my soul,
I can't part with Biddy, because
she's the model of her mother, but
there's little Pauden, sir. There's
a lump of christian for you, two
years old, and not a day more;
he'll never be any trouble to any
one, he'll have the brightest eye,
an' as he takes after his father,
he'll have a fine broad pair of
shoulders to push his way through
the world. Will you swap again
sir?"

"With all my heart," said I, "it's
all the same to me; and so little
Pauden was left with me."

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I
looked into his big laughing eyes,
"the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes
had scarcely elapsed when Pat
rushed into the cabin without sign
or ceremony, and snatched up the
baby and cried out:

"It's no use; I've been talkin'
to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look
at him, sir, he's the youngest and
the best of the hatch. You
wouldn't keep him from us. You
see sir, Norah has the look of me,
and Biddy has a look of Mary; be
me souldins, little Pauden has the
mother's eye, an' my nose, and a
little of both of us all over! No,
sir, no! we can bear hard fortune,
starvation and misery, but can't
bear to part from our children un-
less it be the will of heaven to take
them from us."

A Maiden's First Love.

Human nature has no essence more
pure—the world knows nothing more
chaste—Heaven has endowed the mor-
tal heart with no feeling more holy,
than the nascent affection of a young
virgin's soul. The warmest language
of the sunny south is too cold to shad-
ow forth even a faint outline of that en-
thusiastic sentiment. And God has
made richest language poor in the
same respect, because the depths of
hearts that thrill with love's emotions
are too sacred for the common con-
templation. The musical voice of Love
stirs the source of the sweetest thoughts
within the human breast, and steals
into the most profound recesses of the
soul, touching chords which never vi-
brated before, and calling into gentle
companionship delicious hope till then
unknown. Yes—the light of a young
maiden's first love breaks dimly but
beautifully upon her as the silver lu-
mine of a star glimmers through a thick-
ly-woven bower; and the first blush
that mantles her cheek, as she feels the
primal influence, is faint and pure as
that which a rose-leaf might cast upon
marble. But how rapidly does that
light grow stronger, and that blush
deeper—until the powerful effulgence
of the one irradiates every corner of
her heart, and the crimson glow of the
other suffuses every feature of her
countenance.

—There are now one hundred
and fifteen counties in the flourishing
State of Texas, and territory for as
many more.

The estimated value of the sugar
and molasses now held in New York
for sale is about fifteen millions of
dollars.

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the
speed on English railroads to a Yan-
kee traveller seated at his side in one
of the cars of a "fast train," in Eng-
land. The engine bell was rung as
the train neared a station. It suggest-
ed to the Yankee an opportunity of
"taking down his companion a peg or
two."

"What's that noise?" innocently in-
quired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said
the Englishman. "They have to com-
mence ringing about ten miles before
they get to a station, or else the train
would run it" before the bell could
be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I
suppose they haven't invented bells in
America, yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee,
"we've got bells, but can't use them
on our railroads. We run so far apart
that the train always keeps ahead of the
sound. No use whatever, the sound
never reaches the village till after the
train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the English-
man.

"Fact," said the Yankee; "had to
give up bells. Then we tried steam
whistles, but they wouldn't answer
either. I was on a locomotive when
the whistle was tried. We were go-
ing at a tremendous rate—hurricanes
were howling—and I had to hold my
hair on. We saw a two horse wagon
crossing the track, about five miles
ahead, and the engineer let the whistle
on, screaming like a trumpet. It
screamed awfully, but it wasn't no
use. The next thing I knew, I was
picking myself out of a pond by the
road-side, amid the fragments of the
locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon,
dead engineer, lying beside me. Just
then the whistle came along, mixed up
with some frightful oaths that I
had heard the engineer use when he
first saw the horses. Poor fellow, he
was dead before his voice got to him.
After that we tried lights, supposing
that would travel faster than sound.
We got some so powerful that the
chickens woke up all along the road
when we came by, supposing it to be
morning. But the locomotive kept
ahead of it still, and was in the dark-
ness with the light behind it. The in-
habitants petitioned against it, they
couldn't sleep with so much light in the
night time. Finally, we had to station
electric telegraphs along the road,
with signal men to telegraph when the
train was in sight; and I have heard
that some of the fast trains beat the
lightning fifteen minutes every forty
miles. But I can't say as that is true
—the rest I know to be so."

Interesting Statistics.

The United States are composed of
thirty-one States and nine Territories.
They contain a population of 27,-
000,000, of whom 23,000,000 are
white.

The extent of sea coast is 12,550
miles.

The length of the ten principal rivers
is 20,000 miles.

The surface of the five great lakes
is 60,000 square miles.

The number of miles of railroad in
operation is 20,000, which cost 75,
000,000.

The length of canals is 5,000 miles.

It contains the longest railroad on
the globe—the Illinois Central—which
is 754 miles.

The annual value of its agricul-
tural productions is 300,000,000.

Its most valuable production is In-
dian corn, which yields annually 40,-
000,000 bushels. The amount of reg-
istered and enrolled tonnage is 4,467,-
010.

The amount of capital invested in
manufactures is \$400,000,000.

The annual amount of its internal
trade is \$4,000,000.

The annual value of its products of
labor, other than agricultural, is \$1,-
500,000.

The annual value of the income of
the inhabitants is \$1,500,000.

The value of farms and live stock
\$500,000,000.

Its mines of gold, copper, lead and
iron are among the richest in the
world.

The value of gold produced is \$100,-
000,000.

The surface of its coal fields is 138,-
121 square acres.

Within her borders are 80,000
schools, 5,000 academies, 234 colleges
and 3,800 churches.

NOVEL MAIL MATTER.—Last
week two young alligators were
received at the postoffice at Char-
lotte, N. C., having been sent from
Smithville, N. C., through the mail
bags. This is the first instance of
transporting alligators through the
mail known to us. They were in
boxes, with stamps attached to pay
the postage.

—Mr. Sinclair, of Madison coun-
ty, Ky., recently sold two carriage
mules for \$250.

Ported.

TO S O

Think not sweet love that art forgot,
In memory still thou art the song;
And yet unchanged, should'st thou say so,
Forever will I bless thy name.

In times gone by, dear cherished days,
Thou wast this house's only stay;
And on this heart forget to ponder,
Or less than love become decay?

The stars look down from Heaven's high
tower,
And silver beams illumine the sky;
But I am alone—this silly heart
Needs but the sad remembrance of thine eye.

May life's whole way exulteth o'er
Earth's wide domain from sea to sea,
On thee His kindly blessings pour,
In life and in eternity, VAX WEEKS.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elude thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou art each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

FINIS MUNDI.

Finis mundi, in a horn,
Femina frightened, at forlorn,
Comets buster, regio set,
Ego outibus catch the rest.

Omnes praeda will prepare,
For ignis copia et to spare,
Domus, cave us, comets dum,
If not, gibbus time to run.

Baptism comes, mecum tail,
Malam signum cannot fail,
Smithum scumchum I don't care,
Ego scumchum off from here.

Ego scio stickibus once,
Ego scio largibus dunes,
Ego scumchum time to run
Omnes extent one by one.

MUTATION.

Earthly forms are ever fleeting
Like the dew drop on the spray;
Hear us to ours once fondly beating,
Wary rest on mother clay.

Ever blending, varying, flying,
Shifting as the clouds that play—
Gaily living—slowly dying—
Life is but an April day.

Hoping, loving, weeping, sighing,
Cheering, doubting though we pray;
What is life—but constant dying?
Ages, but an April day?

Rising, glowing, sparkling &; on!
Wing our souls their heavenly way;
Why should we thrill more at dying?
Than the dew-drop on the spray?

"MY SLEEPING PLACE."

I don't think, buried with my fellow day,
Close by a common hearse's side I lay,
And as a man of object should be proud to die,
Then, like a corpse of consequence I ride;
"Second-class passage, and lowest berth coach
no more;
Have no excitement, and no chance yet."
The undertaker, then, with laughter true,
"What a fine man of mine, I mean my words
and then;
I don't think, buried with my fellow day,
Close by a common hearse's side I lay,
And as a man of object should be proud to die,
Then, like a corpse of consequence I ride;
"Second-class passage, and lowest berth coach
no more;
Have no excitement, and no chance yet."
The undertaker, then, with laughter true,
"What a fine man of mine, I mean my words
and then;

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Genius is the power which equal-
izes or identifies the imagination with the
reality or with nature.

Poetry is only born after pain-
ful journeys into the vast regions of
thought.

An old definition of the word
sailor was: "A man employed by
the corporation to sleep in the open air."

With some men experience is
like the stern lights of a ship, which only
illumine the path it has traversed.

The man who always drives a
good bargain has lately procured a new
ship.

The man who is proud of his
money has rarely anything better to be
proud of.

The population of New York is dy-
ing at about the rate of one in every
seventeen minutes, day and night, all the
year round.

Men often mistake notoriety for
fame, and would rather be remarked for
their vices and follies than not to be noticed
at all.

Foreign papers state that all the
English mechanics are to be dismissed
from the Russian service, and Americans
are to be employed.

About sixty thousand families in
Great Britain own all the land, which is
occupied by more than twenty-seven mil-
lions of people.

In a country paper the marriage
of a Mr. Cooper to Miss Stone, is announ-
ced. The result will probably be hoops
and barrels.

A popular writer, speaking of
the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders
whether the news transmitted through salt
water, would be fresh.

Why are potatoes and corn like
certain sinners of old? Because, having
eyes they see not, and having ears they
hear not.

A man attempted to seize a fa-
vorable opportunity, a few days since, but
his hold slipped and he fell to the ground
considerably injured.

"Nobody ever lost anything by
love," said a sage-looking person. "That's
not true," said a lady who heard the re-
mark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

A gentleman being asked "how
many dog days there were in a year, an-
swered that it was impossible to number
them, as "every dog has his day."

An old lady in Connecticut being
at a loss for a pin cushion, made use of
an onion. On the following morning she
found that all the needles had tears in
their eyes.

The Columbus Enquirer learns
that in the Congo river, a few miles above
Wetumpka, saratoga, precisely like those
imported from the Mediterranean and
can be caught almost by the wagon
load.

Memory is the clothes-line of the
heart, whereon the events of our lives
hang like dresses and handkerchiefs—
those which are well pressed on, remain,
but others are carried off to the first high
wind.

A very absent-minded individ-
ual, being upset from a boat in the river,
sank twice before he remembered that he
could swim. He fortunately remembered
it just before he sunk the third and last
time. A great invention is memory!

LITTLE BOY.—Please Mr. Show-
man, rich is the monkey and rich is the
helpman?

Knows—Viceroy you please,